

BIG 52 PAGES OF EXCITING ADVENTURES IN FULL COLOR

A Fawcett Publication

Gabby Hayes[©] Western

MAR.

10¢

NO. 28



In this issue:
**GABBY DEFIES
THE FALCON**



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

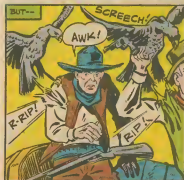
CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LA RUE WESTERN • THE MARVEE FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

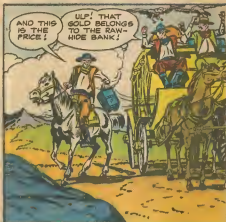
Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. A. Fawcett, Jr. President



This Falcon aims to be the West's most notorious highwayman! More dangerous than any two-gun man, he's a two-BIRD man! Brave men flee his winged terror, leaving only leather-lunged Gabby Hayes to bellow defiance to the Falcon!





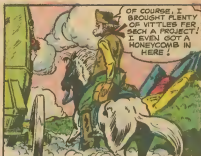
WHILE THE INSULTED FALCON SEEKS NEW VICTIMS, GABBY BIDS FAREWELL TO ELLIE HEMPSTEAD, THE OWNER OF THE BAR NOTHING.

WHILE YO'RE GONE I'LL REPAIR YO'RE MOUNTAIN LODGE FER YUH, ELLIE. I'LL MAKE A SHUG LITTLE HIDEAWAY!

OH, DEAR! GABBY WILL PROBABLY MAKE A MESS OF IT--BUT I DON'T DARE STOP HIM!



OF COURSE, I BROUGHT PLENTY OF VITTLES FER SECH A PROJECT! I EVEN GOT A HONEYCOMB IN HERE!



THEN---

HIT HARD, PETS! AGAIN THE FALCON STRIKES!

WHAT IN BLAZES IS THIS IDJIT UP TO?



SCREECH!

OWW! HALP!

HA! NOTHING CAN STOP ME! MY FAME WILL SPREAD ALL OVER THE WORLD!

???



THE TRAINED BIRDS LOVE ONE THING MORE THAN FIGHTING, AND THAT IS HONEYCOMB! WHEN THEY SMELL GABBY'S SUPPLY THEY STRIKE HARD!

SKEDADDLE, YUH ORNERY, THIEVING VARMINTS!



SLASHER! RIPPER! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?

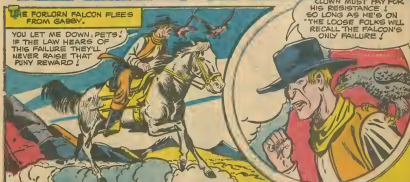
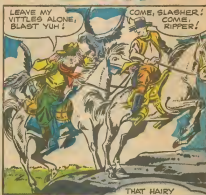
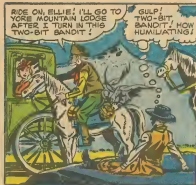
BETTER START WORRYING ABOUT YOURSELF, YUH LOCO SIDEWINDER!

BOOM!

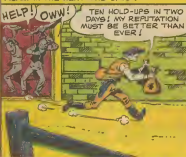


SOCK!

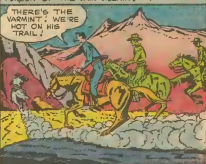




STUNG BY HIS FAILURE INTO GREATER EFFORTS, THE FALCON STRIKES AGAIN AND AGAIN IN THE NEXT TWO DAYS.



SHERIFF SUM DAGGLE LEADS A HORSE IN PURSUIT OF THE VAIN VILLAIN.



BLAST THE LUCK! I NEED A HIDE-OUT, PRONTO!



HMM! WHAT ABOUT THAT MOUNTAIN LODGE THE HAIRY OLD FOOL IS REPAIRING? I COULD HIDE OUT AND GET REVENGE AT THE SAME TIME!



DRAT IT! HE'S HEADING INTO THE MOUNTAINS! IT'LL BE POWERFUL HARD PICKING UP HIS TRAIL ON THEM ROCKS!

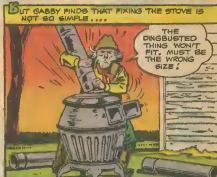


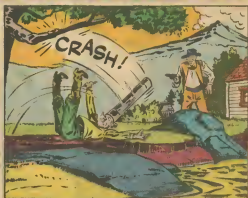
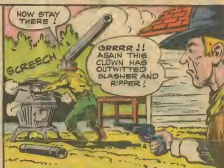
MEANWHILE, GABBY IS HAVING A TOUGH JOB AT THE LODGE.

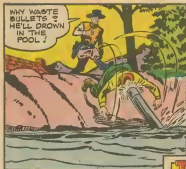


I'LL POUND THESE CONCARSED SHINGLES IN PLACE, OR---

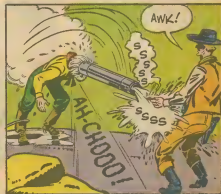


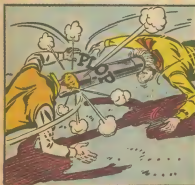


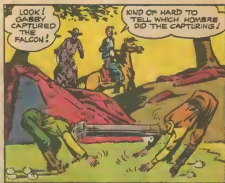




THE ENRAGED FALCON PROMPTLY HATCHES A NEW PLOT TO GAIN REVENGE AND REPUTATION.







CABBY HAYES WESTERN

GIVEAWAY SILVER

A Buck Desmond Story

By Dick Kraus



WHEN the Clement brothers saw Buck Desmond riding down out of the foothills, with a herd of bawling strays before him, they rode out to meet him. Waving their battered Stetsons and shouting hoarsely, the two young ranchers helped Buck haze the horn-tossing steers and cows into the roundup corral of the Double-C spread. Then big Johnny Clement reined his broomtail bay in next to the rambling cowboy's paint horse.

"Nice going, Buck," Clement said. "When we hired you to help us with the roundup, we didn't figger you'd do such a fast job up in the hills!"

"Thanks, Johnny!" Buck returned, reining the paint horse in. "But you'd better take a look at your herd, before you start tossing prairie flowers around. You may not be so all-fired happy!"

Johnny and Newt Clement scrutinized the dust-hazed herd. As they did so, their tanned faces grew grim.

"Newt, I reckon you see what he means," Johnny Clement said in a flat voice. "Plenty of grown stock—but mighty few calves! Looks as if someone is helping himself to our unbranded mavericks!"

Buck Desmond nodded.

"That jibes," he agreed. "And, in four or five places, I saw the ashes of fires—a couple still warm. From the marks around them, I'd say that someone was using a running iron . . . branding your beef with his mark!"

Newt Clement wrenched his bay's head around angrily.

"Thanks, Buck," he said. "You did a good job! But I think Johnny and I have a pretty good idea who's behind this calf-rustling! We've suspected one of our neighbors, Fargo Sears, of being mighty loose with a running iron for some time! Other ranchers have accused him too, but he always manages to wriggle free! Suppose we check on him now!"

Leaving the herd in the Double-C corral, Buck and the two Clement brothers loped up

over the San Benito ridge. Riding through mesquite and manzanilla at a steady, ground-covering pace, they soon came out on a mesa overlooking a stretch of barren prairie-land. Two miles away stood a cluster of faded ranch buildings.

Newt Clement pointed down at the frame buildings.

"There's Fargo Sears' outfit—the Lazy S. Doesn't look like much, but he always manages to bring a fine lot of critters to market! Let's go down!"

When the three Double-C riders approached the Lazy S buildings, Fargo Sears himself came out to meet them, walking in a slow, sidling step. Behind the big rancher came three other men. All of them were unshaven and tight-lipped, and on their bowed legs they bore the chaparejos of the border rider. Each of them carried two Colts.

"Howdy, neighbors," said Sears softly. "What can I do for you? Set down and stay a while."

Johnny Clement did not dismount. Instead he leaned forward on the horn of his Pendleton-made saddle and looked past Fargo Sears at the stock pen. "That's a fine lot of cattle you've got there," he said. "Plenty of calves. Funny, too, because we've had a bad year for calves. Just finished our roundup—and found a lot of them missing. Figgered they might have been carried off by timber wolves . . . or catamounts . . . or maybe rustlers!"

Fargo Sears hardly moved, but his eyes glinted fire for a moment. The three rannies behind him each shifted positions imperceptibly, their tense hands hung closer to their gun-belts.

"If I get your meaning," Sears said, "you're accusing me of running off your calves. Now, listen! All the cattle on this spread are marked with the Lazy S brand! They're *mine*! Now git off my land or you'll be gunned off!"

Newt Clement's eyes flickered quickly to his brother's, and then to Buck Desmond's grim

race. Each of the men nodded silently. Wheeling their horses about, they rode quickly from the prairie ranch.

When they were high in the hills, Johnny Clement burst out—"I know those were our calves! But with his running iron on them, we just can't prove it. And without proof we can't force a showdown! Right, Buck?"

The lean Rambler nodded.

"That's right, Johnny. So it's up to us to get proof! I've got an idea . . . and I think it'll work. You two gents roundup all the Double-C calves you can find, and get them in the corral. Don't brand them! I'm heading into town. I've got to get something at the bank."

"At the bank?" Newt questioned. "Get what?"

Buck smiled. "Fifty new silver dimes! You'll see what for!"

That night, when Buck rode back from town, Johnny Clement and Newt Clement had a whole passel of unbranded calves waiting for him in the corral. Dismounting, Buck shook a canvas bag before them. It jingled with a metallic sound. "Fifty new dimes!" he said.

"Now watch this!"

Quickly throwing the nearest maverick, Buck kept the bawling calf close to the ground with one straining knee. Then, using a keen-pointed belt knife, he cut a tiny slit in the calf's right shoulder. He thrust a glinting, new, shiny dime into the slit — under the maverick's skin. It was out of sight! Then Buck, rising, slapped the maverick! At once it sprang up and ran off!

Buck turned to the Clement brothers.

"That cut'll heal within a week," he explained. "The silver won't hurt the calf at all! It'll just stay under the surface of the skin. You won't be able to see it, but you'll be able to feel it. Savvy?"

Johnny Clement nodded. "I get it," he said. "We plant a dime under the shoulder skin of every one of our unbranded calves. Then we turn them loose. And at the railroad sales in town a couple of weeks from now . . ."

" . . . we make our play!" Buck Desmond nodded. "That's it!"

Two weeks later, at the stock sales in Chisholm City, all the ranchers were gathered. As usual Fargo Sears had a huge pen, filled with fine calves. Several buyers were looking over his stock, when Buck Desmond followed by Newt and Johnny Clement strode up. A frown of annoyance crossed the husky rancher's face.

"You varmints meddling again?" he muttered.

Buck nodded. "That's right. And this time, we aim to produce proof of your rustling!" Behind Buck a whole crowd of curious ranchers and cowboys had gathered. Word had quickly spread of Buck's bold words. Now the rambling cowboy faced Fargo Sears squarely. "Two weeks ago," he said, "we planted new silver dimes under the shoulders of a batch of Double-C calves. We let them run the range, unbranded. Now we aim to prove that you picked several of those calves up, branded them, and put them with the rest of your stolen stock—to sell today!"

As Fargo Sears' jaw hung down with amazement, Buck stepped quickly to the nearest calf. Quickly, he felt its shoulder. Pausing a moment, he moved on to another calf, touching its shoulder, he smiled grimly.

"Here it is!" he shouted. "The first one! Step right up, boys, and feel proof. A silver dime . . . and it didn't get in there by accident!"

As the surrounding cattlemen stepped forward, Fargo Sears suddenly sprang away. His hands streaking down toward his low-slung .45's, he shouted, "That's enough! You asked for it, Desmond! Mebbe you found proof, but all it'll get you is a grave on Boot Hill!"

As Sears pulled the triggers of his waist guns, Buck Desmond flung himself to the side.

His own hands blurred downward toward his guns!

Flame lanced across the stock pen, wreathed with white gunsmoke. The rambling cowhand's bullets struck home and Fargo Sears clutched his shoulder. Behind him, his gunslicks arrested their draws, as Buck's guns swung swiftly toward them. Slowly, reluctantly, their hands went up.

"**T**HAT'LL be all," Buck Desmond said. "Newt, you'd better go for the sheriff! I reckon all the gents here will testify to Sears' drawing first! And I reckon, too, that the dimes in the shoulders of some of those calves will testify to the reason why he had to draw!"

Past Buck, the stolen calves milled uneasily. It was as if they knew that they bore two brands: one false, one true—one on their flank and one on their shoulder!

THE END

Read the thrilling adventures of **BUCK DESMOND** in every issue of **GABBY HAYES WESTERN!**



FREE!

Send for your copy of "Tricks with Tape" with a new booklet full of playtime ideas. Write Dept. EC-11, Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co., St. Paul 6, Minn., enclosing the paid tab from a roll of "Scotch" Cellophane Tape.



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10¢ 15¢

25¢ 39¢

Transparent as glass
Seals without mottling

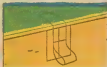
Make a TREASURE CHEST with **SCOTCH** Cellophane Tape



TAKE A CARDBOARD BOX or carton and make a hinged lid for it with "Scotch" Cellophane Tape. Run the tape the length of the lid for maximum strength.



COVER THE BOX with bright wrapping paper or construction paper, taping it in place with cellophane tape. Use different paper for covering lid.



MAKE A LATCH for the lid this way. Put two strips of tape on the box as shown, then put a strip on the lid, doubling over the end to use as a tab.



DECORATE your Treasure Chest with cutouts from magazines—trains, animals, cowboys, dolls. Strips of transparent cellophane tape will hold 'em in place.

QUIZ

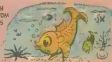
- ① THE SUN ROTATES ON ITS AXIS.
TRUE.....
FALSE.....



- ④ OLD WAS FIRST DISCOVERED IN CALIFORNIA IN 1846.
TRUE.....
FALSE.....



- ② THE BAT-WING FISH WALKS ON THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN ON ITS TWO FINS.
TRUE.....
FALSE.....



- ⑤ "OVERHEAD" IS NAVY SLANG FOR CEILING.
TRUE.....
FALSE.....

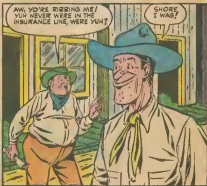
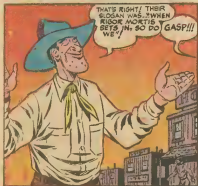


- ③ PANAMA CITY IS IN THE CANAL ZONE.
TRUE.....
FALSE.....

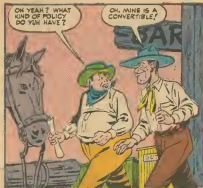


ANSWERS:

1. TRUE. 2. TRUE. 3. FALSE. 4. FALSE. 5. TRUE.









CHIEF GRAY MATTER

... HITS THE JACKPOT!

HONDY, THOMSON!

HONDY, CHIEF GRAY MATTER! (SIGH)

POST OFFICE





FRANK E. FLEER CORP.
PHILADELPHIA 44, PENNA.

QUIZ.

1. MARYLAND WAS THE 6TH STATE TO RATIFY THE U.S. CONSTITUTION IN 1789.

☐ True ☐ False



4. A FATHOM, THE TERM FOR MEASURING WATER, IS SIX FEET.

☐ True ☐ False



2. ROBERT E. PEARY DISCOVERED THE NORTH POLE.

☐ True ☐ False

3. NATHAN HALE, THE REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOT, WAS BORN ON JUNE 6, 1755.

☐ True ☐ False



5. THE CATBIRD IS SO NAMED BECAUSE OF THE MEOWING CAT-LIKE CALL WHICH IT GIVES.

☐ True ☐ False

1. FALSE 2. TRUE 3. TRUE 4. TRUE 5. TRUE 6. TRUE 7. TRUE 8. TRUE 9. TRUE 10. TRUE 11. TRUE 12. TRUE 13. TRUE 14. TRUE 15. TRUE 16. TRUE 17. TRUE 18. TRUE 19. TRUE 20. TRUE 21. TRUE 22. TRUE 23. TRUE 24. TRUE 25. TRUE 26. TRUE 27. TRUE 28. TRUE 29. TRUE 30. TRUE 31. TRUE 32. TRUE 33. TRUE 34. TRUE 35. TRUE 36. TRUE 37. TRUE 38. TRUE 39. TRUE 40. TRUE 41. TRUE 42. TRUE 43. TRUE 44. TRUE 45. TRUE 46. TRUE 47. TRUE 48. TRUE 49. TRUE 50. TRUE 51. TRUE 52. TRUE 53. TRUE 54. TRUE 55. TRUE 56. TRUE 57. TRUE 58. TRUE 59. TRUE 60. TRUE 61. TRUE 62. TRUE 63. TRUE 64. TRUE 65. TRUE 66. TRUE 67. TRUE 68. TRUE 69. TRUE 70. TRUE 71. TRUE 72. TRUE 73. TRUE 74. TRUE 75. TRUE 76. TRUE 77. TRUE 78. TRUE 79. TRUE 80. TRUE 81. TRUE 82. TRUE 83. TRUE 84. TRUE 85. TRUE 86. TRUE 87. TRUE 88. TRUE 89. TRUE 90. TRUE 91. TRUE 92. TRUE 93. TRUE 94. TRUE 95. TRUE 96. TRUE 97. TRUE 98. TRUE 99. TRUE 100. TRUE

GABBY HAYES

The **MARBLE CHAMP**

THAT RICHBILT
NECKLACE WAS
LOADED WITH PEARL
AND EMERALD BEADS!
I AM TO SEARCH
EVERY HOMBRE IN
RAWHIDE TO
FIND THE THIEF!

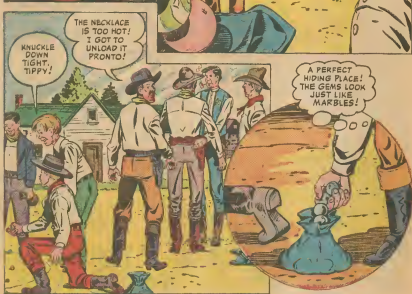
HE'LL FRISK
ME SOON! IT'S
THE HOOSEGOW
FOR SURE!

Hugo Drripp
is a crafty crook,
but he never
dreams that his clever
plot will be crushed
by Gabby's strange
desire to be
The Marble Champ!

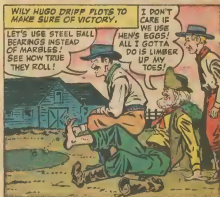
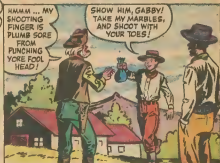
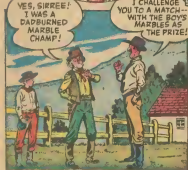
THE NECKLACE
IS TOO HOT!
I GOT TO
UNLOAD IT
PRONTO!

KNUCKLE
DOWN
TIGHT,
TIPPY!

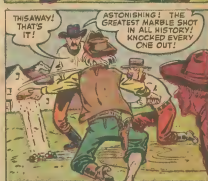
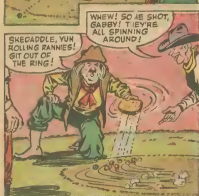
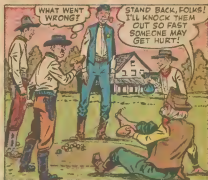
A PERFECT
HIDING PLACE!
THE GEMS LOOK
JUST LIKE
MARBLES!

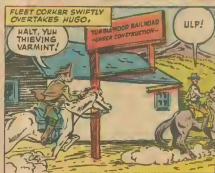
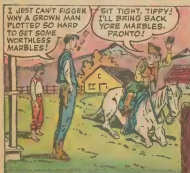
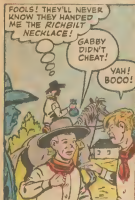


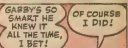
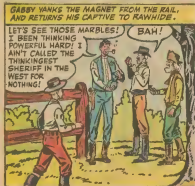








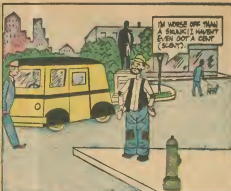




OF COURSE I DID!

BOXCAR BENNY

FORTUNE SEEKER



WHAT A BREAK! HERE COMES AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE! IT SHOULD BE EASY TO PUT THE BITS ON HIM FOR A BUCK!



HYA, CHARLEY OLD PAL!

ER, HELLO, BOXCAR!



SAY, CHARLEY, HOW ABOUT LENDING ME A DOLLAR? YOU WOULDN'T REFUSE AN OLD FRIEND, WOULD YOU?

ER, NO, I GUESS NOT.



HERE'S THE DOLLAR, BOXCAR! WHEN WILL YOU PAY IT BACK TO ME?

WHAT? FOR A MEAGLY DOLLAR--

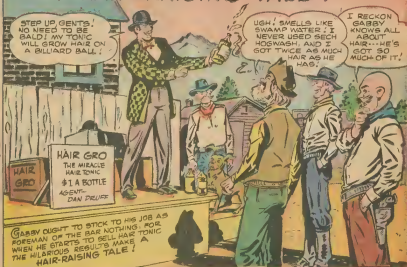


"I SHOULD BECOME A FORTUNE TELLER?"



GABBY HAYES

in A HAIR-RAISING TALE!







ALL OVER TOWN, THE TONIC GETS HORRIBLE RESULTS!

YEE-OH!

MY SCALP'S ON FIRE!

GLUB!
GLUB!

EEEK!
THAT FOUL TONIC HAS RUINED OUR FURNITURE!

OOW!

MY PORE HEAD! GABBY HAYES SWINDLED ME!

WE'VE ALL BEEN BRANDED BY THE SAME YARMINT! LET'S RUN HIM OUT OF TOWN!

THERE'S THE COYOTE! CHARGE!

ULP!

GIVE US OUR MONEY BACK, OR WE'LL PLUCK OUT YOUR HAIR!

I AIN'T GOT THE MONEY!

THAT MOB'S FIGHTING MAD! I RECKON THEY DIDN'T APPLY THE TONIC RIGHT!

THE ANGRY MEN CORNER GABBY!

IF WE CAN'T HAVE HAIR, NEITHER CAN YOU!

DON'T PUSH ME TOO FAR, GENTS! WHEN I START PUNCHING, STRONG MEN RUN FOR THE NEAREST CYCLONE CELLAR!

